The Esquimalt PATRICIAN

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"THE ESQUIMALT PATRICIAN"

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Serving members of the Regiment below commissioned rank .50

Contributions of an historical, military and humorous nature, as well as articles, etc., of general interest, will be welcomed.

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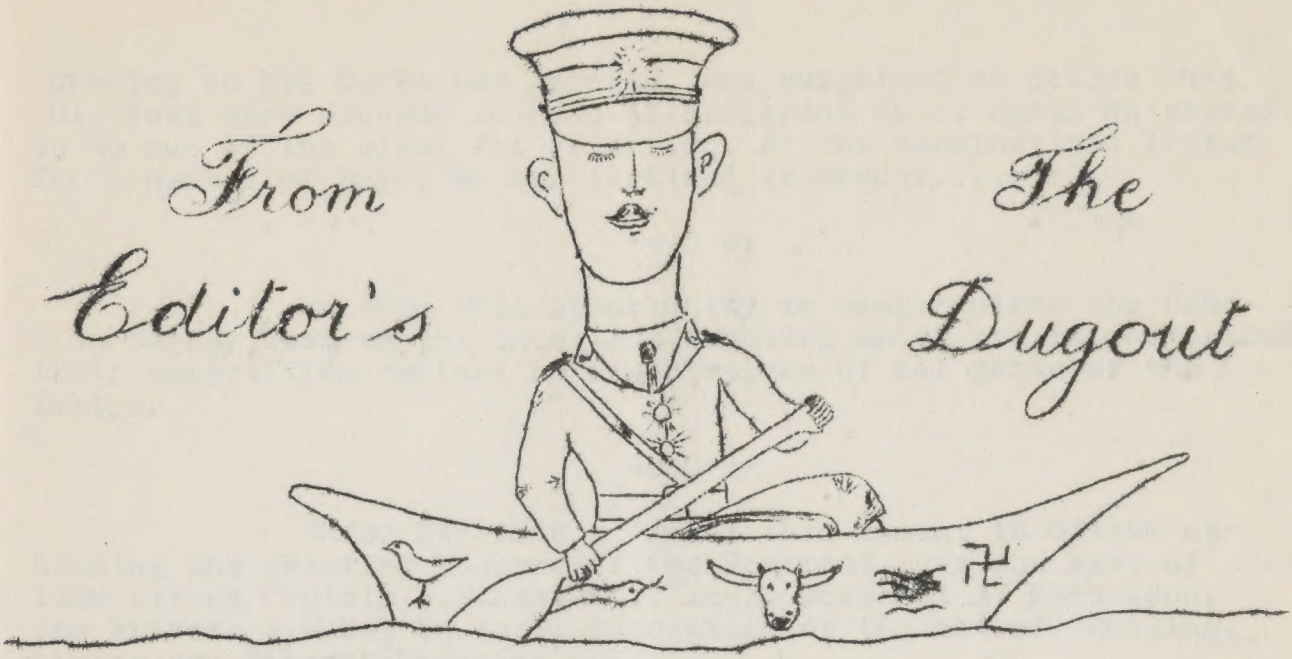

With this issue we commence Volume 2. of "The ESQUIMALT PATRICIAN". The reception accorded Volume 1 has been very gratifying. New and renewal subscriptions are coming in daily, as are many contributions and helpful suggestions. This evidence that our efforts have met with some measure of success is very heartening, and it is our earnest hope that each succeeding number may prove more and more enjoyable to our readers.

-o O o-

We recommend the attention of our readers to the article on page 4, "The Hidden Machine Gun" by Lieut-Col. G.R. Pearkes. It is offered in the hope that it will, in addition to providing material for thought and discussion, stimulate many more contributions of a similar type.

-o O o-

Rudyard Kipling has a story to tell of "boots" and Rupert Brooke has further initiated us into the mysteries of "old clothes". It has remained, however, for a Senior Captain to demonstrate the aesthetic and more particularly the utilitarian value of odd socks. As rumour goes, the Officer in question, on doffing his puttees after an extraordinarily sticky show in France, discovered that he had been sporting unmatched hosiery. He was one of a very few who had escaped mention in the casualty lists on this occasion. Was there a connection?

Twenty years later, during another sticky show, this time of an even more sanguinary nature, the same Officer, while

drawing on his Dacks one morning, was surprised to notice that his feet were encased in hose of different hues. Again he proved to be one of the elect for salvation. As the examinations lasted for a number of days, we are inclined to wonder.....?

-o O o-

We take this opportunity to congratulate the Canadian Bisley Team on the excellent shooting which has characterized their competition against representatives of all parts of the Empire.

-o O o-

Three Patricia's are at this moment in Ottawa upholding the shooting honours of the Regiment. May the best of luck attend Captain A.W.Hunt MM., Lance Corporal E. Nicholson, and Private W.McKay in their exposition of the art of "Holding, Aiming and Trigger-Pressing."

-o O o-

We are now in the midst of a busy Summer. Training camps for the N.P.A.M. have come and gone; Camp Schools of Instruction are well under-way, and the Rifle Association has just completed the crowning effort of the season. Here, at the Coast, we have been very fortunate in our summer weather; scarcely a day's work has been hampered by rain, and we are going about with our fingers crossed until training is finished. There is Comox yet, you know!

-o O o-

It is with pleasure that we acknowledge the receipt of copies of the following Regimental Journals:-

The Lancashire Lad (The Loyal Regiment)
The Goat (The Royal Canadian Dragoons)
The Strathconian (Lord Strathcona's Horse(R.C.)

Yours faithfully,

The Editor

THE HIDDEN MACHINE GUN

By Lt.-Col. G.R. PEARKES, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., p.s.c., P.P.C.L.I.

Ever since the Battle of the Aisne, 1914, the increasing strength of the defence and the corresponding weakness of the attack has exercised the minds of all soldiers. Time and again in the Great War the infantry were stopped and suffered appalling casualties in the attack of a defensive position before they could get to grips with the enemy. The defenders usually had the choice of ground and the advantage of prepared positions which they had reconnoitred with a view to counter attack or withdrawal. They selected positions covered by natural obstacles and upon which they could locate their machine guns so that these were almost immune from ordinary artillery fire. Visibility conferred upon the defenders an inherent adaptability to meet surprise. These conditions produced an impasse which gave most of the advantages to the defenders and necessitated a disproportionate loss in lives to the attackers, despite the latter's claim to the initiative.

Towards the end of the war tanks solved the problem as far as the actual assault was concerned, and the enthusiasts claimed that these weapons had readjusted the balance between attack and defence. But this early optimism has been considerably modified. Tanks are very expensive, and at the commencement of a campaign their numbers must of necessity be small. The replacement of tank casualties will present grave difficulties, and further production will be delayed until the machinery of factories has been adapted to turning them out in large numbers. Furthermore, tanks are vulnerable when exposed to the fire of hostile anti-tank guns or artillery. The new 20 m.m. anti-tank gun which can be fired either from a bipod mounting or from a wheeled carriage may restrict tank movement as effectively as the movement of infantry in close formations is paralysed today. Armour-piercing bullets from rifles, with a muzzle velocity until recently undreamed of, open up enormous possibilities when used in the hands of resolute infantry. Wheeled platforms for field guns and improved mines have also increased the power of defence against tanks.

In 1914 each battalion of the British Expeditionary Force had two machine guns on its establishment, that is to say, twenty-four machine guns on a divisional front. With the experience which we now have behind us, I venture to say that machine guns were, in the majority of cases, wrongly employed at the outbreak of the Great War. They were continually placed in exposed positions in forward trenches where they were at once spotted and just as quickly blown out of existence by the opposing artillery.

THE HIDDEN MACHINE GUN

By Lt.-Col. G.A. FRASERE, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., p.s.c., F.R.G.S.I.

Ever since the battle of the Aisne, 1914, the increasing strength of the defence and the corresponding weakness of the attack has exercised the minds of all soldiers. Time and again in the Great War the infantry were stopped and suffered appalling casualties in the attack of a defensive position before they could get to grips with the enemy. The defender usually had the choice of ground and the advantage of prepared positions which they had reconnoitred with a view to counter attack or withdrawal. They selected positions covered by natural obstacles and upon which they could locate their machine guns so that they were almost immune from ordinary artillery fire. Visibility conferred upon the defender an inherent adaptability to meet surprises. These conditions produced an impasse which gave most of the advantages to the defender and necessitated a disproportionate loss in lives to the attackers, despite the latter's claim to the initiative.

Towards the end of the war tanks solved the problem for us as the method actually was conceived, and the armoured claimed that these weapons had restored the balance between attack and defence. But this early opinion has been completely modified. Tanks are very expensive, and at the commencement of a campaign their numbers must of necessity be small. The requirement of tank casualties will present grave difficulties, and further production will be delayed until the machinery of factories has been adapted to turning them out in large numbers. Furthermore, tanks are vulnerable when exposed to the fire of hostile anti-tank guns or artillery. The new 20 m.m. anti-tank gun which can be fired either from a hand mounting or from a wheeled carriage may restrict tank movement so effectively as the movement of infantry in close formations in vogue today. Armour-piercing bullets from rifles, with a muzzle velocity of 2,[illegible] seconds, open up overwhelming possibilities when used in the hands of resolute infantry. Wooden platoons for [illegible] and improved mines have also lessened the power of defence against tanks.

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Now we know a good deal about the employment of machine guns and it may be assumed that any commander acting on the defensive will select positions from which his machine guns can employ enfilade rather than frontal fire, and will accept a second rate arc of fire for his guns, provided he can conceal them, in preference to an exposed position, even though it offers a much better field of fire. Surprise in defence is just as important as surprise in the attack.

In an infantry battalion today at war establishment there are twelve Vickers machine guns in the Support Company, and twenty-four light automatics, (these are to all intents and purposes light machine guns) making a total of 432 machine guns on the frontage of a division as against the twenty-four in 1914. The weakness of the attack becomes more and more apparent as each training season progresses. The problem, reduced to its simplest terms, is how to knock out or neutralize the hidden machine gun. Various solutions have been advanced, such as an increase of artillery, armoured fighting vehicles, and a more flexible infantry.

The amount of artillery available within the division has increased but little since the War, and is still insufficient to cover with a barrage the front of more than one battalion. Within the narrow limits covered by such a barrage the attack might probably succeed, but the flanks of the attackers would be exposed to the fire of machine guns that did not come within the area of the barrage, and success might be jeopardized by counter attacks against the sides of the narrow salient formed.

Apart from the actual number of guns available considerable improvements have been made in artillery weapons; the range, rates of fire, the traverse and mobility of field guns and howitzers have increased. The difficulty of providing adequate covering fire quickly enough to meet the problems of open warfare, however, remains. It is important, therefore, that a commander should choose a line of advance for his attack which will give the greatest scope for the available artillery within the time that he has at his disposal.

With regards to the use of armoured fighting vehicles. During the last war tanks were used in direct co-operation with infantry, and while under certain circumstances this may still be a role for tanks, it is a method of employment that will rarely be justified against a well-equipped enemy. Direct co-operation usually entails operations over the least suitable ground for tank movement: tanks dislike attacking up hills as gradients slow down their speed, - against the defenders most highly developed anti-tank organization and with but remote opportunities of effecting a surprise. The method of employment most favoured by many is that of a semi-independent role against some rearward enemy objective or against the enemy's flank where

the chances of surprise may be greater, the ground more favourable and the enemy's anti-tank organization less complete. Under such circumstances the Tank Commander would have to reconnoitre the enemy with his own resources and must manoeuvre so as to engage him covered by his own supporting fire. To this end the Tank Brigade composed of light, medium and support tanks is formed. In short, the tanks are quite prepared to win the war but are not particularly interested in helping the infantry to do so.

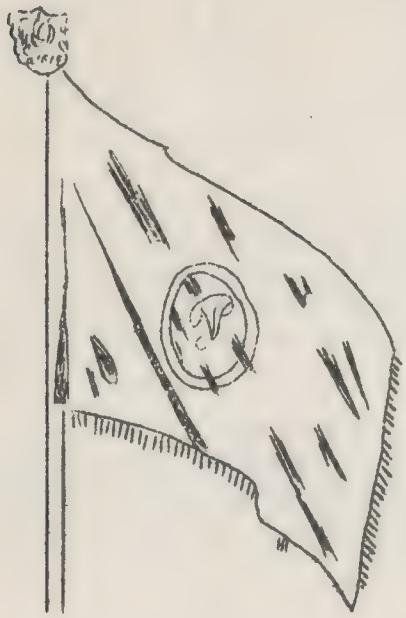
The third alternative, namely, that of increasing the mobility of the infantry, finds supporters in the advocates of the modern light infantryman who claim that modern war demands that the infantry soldier should be possessed of the powers of the stalker, the sharpshooter and the athlete. These qualities should enable him to become a highly skilled military shot, an expert in the use of ground; in every sense a field craftsman, active over rough and hilly country and capable of covering distances up to 1,000 yards at high speed.

During the Great War one frequently heard the expression "Loaded like a mule". This simile is hardly fair to that intelligent beast, for while the average army mule weighs 1,100 lbs., his load seldom exceeds 250 lbs., yet the infantry soldier of, say, 140 lbs., - there were many men well below that figure during the War - was asked to carry 80 lbs., when he went over the top. If the intense activity, energy and battlefield mobility of the light infantryman are demanded then he must be clothed and equipped suitably. The experimental uniform of 1952 is a step in the right direction.

Fire and movement even though combined with the most skilful use of ground will never be sufficient in themselves to overcome organized machine gun defence, dislocated though that be, by the fire of the artillery supporting the attackers. The hidden machine gun that has escaped the covering fire remains. To overcome this there have recently been added to the support companies of infantry battalions four mortars. These mortars are to be used as the primary close support weapon and may, I think, be looked upon as offensive high trajectory machine guns. An infantry weapon pure and simple, usually working under the command of a forward company, designed for the purpose either of knocking out with its H.E. shell the hidden machine gun or blinding it with smoke.

A high trajectory weapon is essential because the defender's machine guns will in all probability be dug in, and under such circumstances cannot be dislodged by any flat trajectory weapon. If the impetus of the attack is not to be lost the hidden machine gun once located must be dealt with quickly and effectively. Considerable time may often elapse before the exact location can be communicated to the supporting artillery; meanwhile the forward infantry may have suffered heavy casualties and become stabilised

(Continued on page 22)



Regimental Notes.

R.S.M. T.J.Turnbull.

It is with genuine regret that we say "Good-bye" to Regimental Sergeant-Major T.J.Turnbull. During his fourteen years' service with the Regiment, Sergeant-Major Turnbull has earned for himself the respect and esteem of all those who served with him, and his going leaves a distinct gap in our midst.

Sergeant-Major Turnbull became a soldier in 1894, when he enlisted in the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, at Aldershot. During his ten years with that Regiment, he took part in the Boer War, being wounded at Paardeberg, the battle which resulted in the capture of General Cronje and the end of the South African campaign.

In 1904, then a sergeant, he transferred to the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, and was given the rank of drum-major. For sixteen years he served with the Inniskillings, finally reaching the rank of Regimental Sergeant-Major. Retiring from the British Army, he came to Canada and joined the Patricia's on the 10th May, 1920 and was appointed R.S.M. on 6th May 1921.

Before his departure from Winnipeg, Sergeant-Major Turnbull was tendered a dinner by the Warrant and Non-Commissioned Officers of the Regiment. S.M.I. Hewett, in proposing a toast to the guest of honour, expressed the regret of the entire Regiment at losing the services of our

R.S.M. "However", he said, "we are glad that you are going on pension in such good health that you may enjoy life for a good many years. After seeing what military service has done for you, we are sorry that more young men do not join the army. Much of the efficiency of the Regiment is due to your work. It is the hope of this gathering that God spares you for many years."

Lieut-Col. H.W.Niven, DSO,MC, who was present at the dinner, reviewed briefly Sergeant-Major Turnbull's work with the Regiment. Mr. Turnbull was presented, on this occasion, with a silver tea-service, a set of bag-pipes, and albums of photographs of the members of the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes.

Sergeant-Major Turnbull has now completed forty years continuous service, and plans to make his home at Tunbridge Wells, Kent, England. We all join in wishing both him and Mrs. Turnbull a long and pleasant life.

---oOo---

Esquimalt Station Notes.

This issue again finds the Company scattered well over western Canada, although not in as great numbers as last year. Captains Mitchell and Black, Q.M.S.I.'s Lennox and Smith, Sgt-Instr. Bates and Corporals Cahill and Bundock have all gone to Camp Sarcee,(or are on the point of going) to join the staff of the Canadian Small Arms School, while the Camp School of Signals this year has 2/Lieut. Wiswell, Cpl. Falconer and Ptes. Cook and Loveless among it's students.

---oOo---

The exodus to Heals Camp took place on the first of June, rather later than last year. In spite of the thousand-and-one things that have to be done when we come to camp, all were accomplished and the Company was firing on the range the next morning at eight o'clock. The weather since then has been perfect, and scarcely a day's work has been hampered by rain or other bad weather, a source of great satisfaction to us all.

---oOo---

Our Signallers got the telephone bug shortly after our arrival at Heals and, guided by Sgt. Dunlop and Spr. Stewart, C.R.C.E., plunged into the "wilderness" behind the butts, armed with reels of wire, pliers, forked sticks, "safety belts", etc. At night they returned rather scratched and fairly well covered with dirt - and, it was noticed, thirsty. However, after a time they announced that they had installed a new telephone system up to the boundaries of the danger area on Durrance Road.

This proved to be rather more true than some of their tales of the jungles and deep, dark holes they encountered on the way.

---oOo---

Owing, probably, to the atmosphere, a wave of intense energy swept over most of our personnel during the opening days in Camp this summer. Inspired by the sight of the C.O's garage, (with it's "seven-point ventilation"), two new and similar edifices have sprung into existence, one dedicated to Capt. Mitchell's De Soto and the other providing a haven for L/Cpl. Hall's well-known Chev. Both of these architectural gems are the products of their owner's labour and ingenuity, and are undoubtedly valuable additions to our camp buildings. May it be noted, please, that the services of no soldier nor government employee were used by either contractor during the month in question.

---oOo---

However, all our suplus energy has not expended itself in the erection of homes for our transport. When we had finally removed all traces from the camp-site of last winter's occupants, we started on a land reclaiming and improvement scheme that has netted us a bit of extra clear land in the vicinity of the men's wash-house, and has made the whole camp area much cleaner and neater than it formerly was.

---oOo---

During the month of July, Heals Camp was frequently visited by a large detachment of the well-known Corps of Culex pipiens - notably during and after the above mentioned land reclamation scheme. It was found necessary, in the interests of bodily comfort, to organize a Vigilantes Committee, armed with shot-guns and puffed rice, for the extermination of the pests. It was noticed that our local bugologist was among those most severely attacked, his profound expert knowledge being of no avail against the ravages of these carnivorous beasts. Major Colquhoun's efforts to have us equipped with mosquito netting or issued with citronella in lieu came to naught, owing to our inability to produce any evidence of the presence of the alleged insects during medical inspections.

---oOo---

This year, we were not treated to any surprise shipments of local mutton. Our friends, the sheep, have paid us occasional visits by sneaking through our defences along Government ditch, but have so far escaped a watery grave. A certain amount of venison has, however, been forthcoming, as a result, not of the prowess of our marksmen, but of the kindness of our milkman.

Lieut. Wiswell has just put up a second pip with effect 15th June, 1934.

---oOo---

Lieut. J.R.G.Sutherland assumed to duties of A/Adjutant, Esquimalt Station, effective 21st May.

---oOo---

Signal Classification took place for this year on May 8th and 9th, and fourteen signallers qualified. The weather was much more suitable than has been the case in the past, when the tests were undergone in December, and the work of the section was well reported on. Unfortunately Sgt. Kemp was unable to take the tests, having sustained severe injuries in a motor accident only a few days before.

---oOo---

The following men have been attested and posted to "B" Company on the dates opposite their names. We wish them every success in their new careers.

Pte. Smith. G.J.	21 - 6 - 34
Pte. Teskey.W.	13 - 7 - 34
Pte. Patterson.W.D.	13 - 7 - 34
Pte. Clark.W.T.	4 - 8 - 34

---oOo---

L/Cpl. Hargreaves.A. and Pte. Von Strauss E.V. have left us, by transfer to the Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps. We wish them happiness in their new work.

---oOo---

Pte. Hicks,E.C. and Pte (A/Sgt) Sweeney,H. have gone to civil life, the former on 9-7-34 and the latter on 31-7-34.

---oOo---

A very successful smoking concert was held in the Canteen at Heals Camp, on June 26th. S.M.I. White filled the chair, (we say it advisedly), in his own inimitable way, and marshalled the numbers of a good and varied programme.

No matter how often we have these concerts, we always manage to unearth some new talent. This time it was Capt. R.L.Mitchell, who demonstrated how a model "padre" should conduct a service. Sgt. Pink, Cpls. Falconer and Ross, L/Cpl. Hargreaves, and Ptes. Bradshaw, Woodrow, Matthews, Montgomery all contributed much-appreciated items to the programme.

Major W.G.Colquhoun proposed a toast to the Guest of the

Evening, C.Q.M.S. Norton, who will shortly be leaving us to go on pension, and, in return, Q.M.S. Norton regaled us with some lively stories of soldiering as it was when he first enlisted and went out to India in the "Nineties".

A good number of Choruses, some of them new to our song-sheets, rounded out a pleasant evening for all.

---oOo---

Another good bachelor took the plunge when Pte. Hancock, K.G. was married to Miss Mina Viola Smith by the Rev. A. de B. Owen. They were married on the 13th May, and our hearty congratulations are extended to them.

---oOo---

During the week prior to our going to camp, there were wild rumours circulating the Garrison that some of our men had gone mad. They were seen dashing along the barrack-block clad in red coats, with great, empty sleeves that flapped wildly in the breeze, and bearing their normal garments made into a bundle.

In the tailor shop lay the explanation, as an augmented staff worked feverishly to alter the new "coloured clothing" to fit the individuals designed to wear it. The job is nearly completed now, and one of these days we may expect to see "B" Company provide a full-dress Guard for some very special occasion.

---oOo---

A son was born to Capt. and Mrs. R.L. Mitchell on the 1st August, 1934. We extend our congratulations, and trust that it will not be the cause of Capt. Mitchell departing from the truth when he describes the youngster's antics in the future.

---oOo---

Winnipeg Notes.

We are now in the midst of the summer training with "attacks", "Defence", "Outposts", "Withdrawals","Scouts and Patrols" and the various subjects of a tactical nature standing forth as the order of the day.

---oOo---

Thanks to the interest of Lieut. Cotton and Q.M.S.I. Harper, a marked improvement has been made in gymnastics and physical training.

It is intended to enter a squad in the Military Tournament in September.

A new 6 ft. horse has been constructed to supplement the two smaller horses. Exhibitions will also be given on the mats, high bar, parallel bars and chairs.

---oOo---

Capt. Hunt and Lieut. Fraser are at present at Connaught Ranges on "A" Wing.

---oOo---

Capt. Keller has passed his entrance examinations for the Staff College. Congratulations.

---oOo---

Major Vanden Berg has visited us on several occasions from Lac Seul, where he is administrative officer at the unemployment camp.

---oOo---

We welcome to the Regiment 2/Lieut. A.E.T. Paquet.

---oOo---

Lieut. Cotton has just attained his second pip, 1-6-34.

---oOo---

Capt. Keller, Lieut. Andrews and 24 other ranks spent the first two weeks of July at Shilo Camp, and have now proceeded to Sarcee.

---oOo---

Capt. Edgar, Lieut. Cotton and a few other ranks were at Dundurn on a School of Infantry for two weeks.

---oOo---

The following have been taken on strength. We wish them the best of luck.

Pte. Easton. G.	8-8-34.
Pte. Munroe.H.G.	8-8-34.

---oOo---

Pte. Varney has returned to civil life on 25-7-34.

---oOo---

Capt. Hunt and Pte. McKay.W. will fire in the D.C.R.A. at Ottawa this year.

---oOo---

Band Notes.

On June 29th the band proceeded to Detroit Lakes to give a series of concerts sponsored by the Business Men's Association. A concert was given on the Sunday evening to an attendance of over 10,000 people and was much enjoyed. So delighted were the citizens that the Mayor of the city sent a telegram to the Officer Commanding the Regiment asking for an extension of twenty-four hours.

On July 14th the band was again in demand, this time at St. Claude, a small French settlement in Manitoba. After playing at Mass in the Church a service was held at the Cenotaph.

A programme of music was played at the Garrison Officers' Mess on July 20th, on the occasion of the U.S. Air Corps' visit to Winnipeg on their flight to Alaska.

Since the band's return from Camp St. Charles, programmes of music have been played every Tuesday and Thursday evenings on the barrack green.

They were also in attendance at the Winnipeg Exhibition on August 4th and 9th.

---oOo---

There has been little change in the personnel of the band. Cpl. 'Reg' Allison has "retired" to civilian life and is at present associated with an important business company in this city. We wish him every success in his new career.

Cpl. T.W. Moritz has been promoted to A/Sergeant and Bandsman T. Smith to A/Corporal.

---oOo---

The many rumours that certain members of the band contemplate spending their furlough at St. Charles Ranges have not been authenticated. Horace Swift, when approached on this matter by one of our reporters, said: "The whole thing is absurd".

---oOo---

Mike Toohey is busily engaged in studying sailings from Montreal. He extends a hearty invitation to all members of the Patricia's, whenever they are making a trip to the Old Country, to pay him a visit at his residence in Lincolnshire - "The Dog and Goose".

---oOo---

Overheard at Dundurn, Sask.

Sentry: "'Alt, who goes there".
"Old Sweat" "Friend.
Sentry: "Advance and give the countersign".
"Old Sweat" "London".
Sentry: "What d'yer mean? London, England or London, Ontario?"

VICISSITUDES

by

CORPORAL L.C.MORRISON, P.P.C.L.I.

The Stranger pushed open the swing door and entered the well-filled bar-parlour. Momentarily disconcerted by the large crowd, he halted, undecided. His fingers twitched nervously at the seams of his trousers. White-faced, hollow-cheeked, he bore the unmistakable stamp of one who had plumbed the depths of physical and mental suffering. With tired, lack-lustre eyes he pierced the smoke-laden atmosphere, seeking a vacant place.

Presently his glance fell upon a table in the far corner of the room. It had only one occupant. With a rather pitiful attempt at nonchalance, he sauntered over.

"D'you mind if I sit here?" He sounded half apologetic, half belligerent. The solitary occupant looked up.

"Not at all", he said and smiled. He was a diminutive mild mannered man of about fifty, with a fresh , rubicund face. Behind gold-rimmed glasses twinkled a pair of bright blue eyes. As he smiled now, the Stranger observed how kind and sympathetic they seemed. He liked his voice, too. It was a soft, well modulated voice, and held a note of warmth and friendliness.

"Thanks!" The sad faced man sat down, signalling for a nearby hovering waiter. He was about to give an order when his table companion intercepted him.

"Have one with me, Stranger," he invited

The other voiced a mild protest, but the little man waved him into silence with an elegant gesture of a well-shaped hand. "Nonsense!" he remonstrated, "you may as well join me."

Before his warm and friendly gaze the Stranger's reticence melted. "Thanks!" he returned.

The friendly man held up two fingers. "Two, Pete!" The waiter departed. A silver cigarette-case was held out. "Smoke?".

His companion selected one. They smoked in silence until the man returned with the drinks. The Stranger lifted his glass. "Your very good health, Sir!". The gentle-eyed man smiled. "And yours!" he responded.

"Do you know," said the Stranger, replacing his glass on the table, "you are very kind and hospitable!"

The little man laughed. "Nothing of the kind", he said. "If anything, I was actuated by ulterior motives. You see, I was feeling rather lonely here, drinking all by myself, and I needed

someone to talk to".

The stranger shook his head, wagging a reprimanding finger. "Now you're being modest!"

For a moment or two he played with his glass, tilting it until its contents came perilously near to the rim, then--"It's a rather long time since I have had anyone show me much kindness."

"I do not understand you."

The Stranger gave a philosophic shrug of the shoulders. "Well, the reason is that I've only this morning come out of that place." He jerked a significant thumb behind him. "They don't show much consideration for a man's feelings behind those walls."

The other's blue eyes flashed a sympathetic understanding. "I'm sorry!" he said.

"Yes" the Stranger continued,"seven years they gave me. Seven years! But I did only three of them."

"Good conduct?"

"No...Murder!"

"What..?" The blueeyed man looked startled.

The haggard looking man threw out his hands in a gesture of despair. "That's what I said--Murder!"

His companion's face expressed bewilderment. "But I don't understand. They don't release a man for committing murder."

The Stranger crushed out his cigarette. "would you like to hear about it?"

"Wouldn't it be best if you....?"

"I'd prefer to tell you. Then after you've heard me you can do all the condemning you like."

"Please, I'd rather you...."

"If I don't tell someone I shall go mad! Won't you hear what I have to say? Perhaps you may be able to help."

"How can I possibly help you in a case of murder?"

"Listen! I have to get it off my chest." He took a long drink, then----

"When I heard the judge's sentence, I was stunned. Seven years behind prison walls! It didn't seem possible . It was terrible at first. It's a wonder that I didn't go out of my mind. Soon I began to think about getting out. I contemplated escape. I knew my only chance lay in obtaining certain priveleges. So I behaved as a model prisoner and in time was accorded them. This gave me more freedom. They gave me a position of trust. Of course, all this time I was devising plans for a get-away. But it wasn't so easy as I had thought.

Then they brought in Tony Marroni. Tony had been found guilty of murder. They put him in the death-cell. Poor Tony! He protested his innocence to the last. Sometimes my business would take me past his cell. I could hear him there, alternately praying and sobbing. I had to put my fingers to my ears. Gave me a pain in the stomach, it did. It was awful to hear him! Somehow I believed him innocent. I don't know why, but I just had that feeling. Poor devil! I pitied him, sitting alone in that cell with the shadow of the hangman's rope around his neck.

One night, just before Tony's last day, the Governor, accompanied by the Chaplain and the prison doctor came to my cell and woke me up. Tony, they said, had somehow succeeded in severing an artery in his wrist. Had eluded the surveillance of the guards. Looked as if he were going to die. But they didn't want him to die...at least not that way. There was only one way to satisfy justice; Tony was to have a blood transfusion. I was a healthy man, and would I volunteer? They promised all kinds of things including an early freedom. The temptation was too great. You see, I wanted to see my wife, and well... never mind about that.

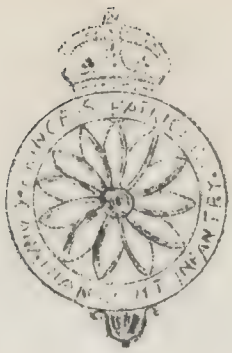
So they took me to the hospital. I shall never forget... Tony moaning pitifully and begging them to let him die in peace. But they were determined to take him to the gallows. The guards may have seemed callous, but in a way you couldn't blame them. After all he had been convicted of a particularly cruel and cold-blooded murder.

Anyhow, the operation was a success. My blood saved him. But not for long did that blood course through his veins. Three days later they carried him, half dead, into the little shed. They hanged him all right! Justice was appeased.....and I killed him! ---Poor Tony!"

The Stranger buried his face in his hands and moaned softly. The friendly man leaned over, laid a sympathetic hand on his sleeve. "Come now, my friend, there is nothing for you to reproach yourself for. You have performed a duty to the State."

The other raised red-rimmed, haunted looking eyes. "That's not all" he continued hoarsely, "a few months later the

(Continued on page 22)

OLD  P.P's.

Mr. (No. 1724,ex-Private) W.Dalby, of Sydney, Australia, dropped in on us at Work Point Barracks in the latter part of May to pay a flying visit on his way back to the Antipodes. Mr. Dalby had just completed a short business trip to Canada,--his first visit in eight years. Although he had met very few old P.P.'s on the Island Continent, he assured us that a small, but extremely active body of ex-members of the Regiment is at the moment in the midst of organizing a Patricia Club in Melbourne. We may hope to hear from these old comrades in the near future.

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Captain M.F.Macintosh writes from Vancouver that he "is not a case for the undertaker yet." Although still under the doctor's care, his condition is improving, and he hopes to be back on the job again this summer.

* * * * *

On June 26th, No. 1660, ex-Private George Harrison, of Regina, Sask., paid us a visit at Heal's Camp. Mr. Harrison, who was in the throes of a combined business and pleasure trip to the Coast, was able, after a few beers, to predict a distinct upward trend of business and other conditions on the Prairies.

* * * * *

It is with deep regret that we announce the death, on 23rd May, of No.51110 ex-Pte. Percival Carr, who was murdered at his post of duty as a Constable of the British Columbia Provincial Police, at Merritt, B.C.

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Ex-Corporal Cuthbert Cookson, of undoubted fame, has been seen in Esquimalt lately. In fact he even visited the Barracks.

* * * * *

AROUND THE GARRISON

On the 24th of May the R.C.A.S.C. moved bag and baggage out to Sidney, V.I., where they joined in the May Day celebrations by presenting a well-finished show of mounted events. Racing, jumping, tent-pegging, mounted tug-of-war, bareback wrestling and V.C. race, all were included in their programme, which met with well-merited appreciation from the audience.

: : 0 : :

On July 14th, Lieutenant J.F.A. Lister, R.C.A.S.C., was married to Miss Viva Olive Brown, of Victoria, at St. Mary's Church, Oak Bay.

On August 4th, at Christ Church Cathedral, Captain H.L. Leverin, R.C.E., was married to Miss Patricia Heming of Victoria.

May we take this opportunity of wishing both couples a long and happy life.

: : 0 : :

We extend our congratulations to the following:-

S/Sgt. J.P. Morgan, R.C.E. and Mrs. Morgan, on being the proud parents of a 10 lb. baby girl. Miss Susan May was born on 7th May.

Sgt. T. Eastick, Bdr. G. Wood, and L/Bdr. (Bungy) Williams, R.C.A. on their promotion to the ranks they now hold.

: : 0 : :

The U.S.S. "San Francisco" of the North Pacific Division, United States Navy, paid a visit to Victoria from June 4th to 9th. One of the newest and most up-to-date of her class, her four light planes created much interest in Victoria, and great crowds were on hand every afternoon she was open for public inspection.

A rifle team from her crew fired against a local team at Heal's Range on June 6th, the local marksmen winning the match by a comfortable margin.

Many enjoyable parties were arranged during the week, culminating in a tea-dance on board on the 8th. After the dance, a pleasant evening's entertainment was offered the many guests who stayed on board.

: : 0 : :

We welcome Lieut. J.H. and Mrs. Cattroll, (R.C.A.P.C.), who arrived on the 1st August on transfer from Winnipeg. May their stay here be a long and pleasant one.

: : 0 : :

The Garrison Sergeants' Mess was the scene of a very merry gathering on Monday evening, 30th July. The celebration was in the form of a Smoking Concert, and its object was twofold.

Firstly, to make suitable presentations and to say "Good-bye" to two of the members who have retired to pension and gone to civil life.

Secondly, to extend a welcome to the Chief Petty Officers and Petty Officers of the visiting H.M.S. "NORFOLK".

S.M.(W.O.I) F.J. Baggs, R.C.E., and Q.M.S.(A.C.) J.A. Montgomery, R.C.A., were the recipients of travelling bags, and many expressions of regret and "Bon voyage",in which we join. It is understood the S.M. Baggs has gone to England and Q.M.S. Montgomery to South Africa. May they enjoy many years of happiness and prosperity.

The Smoking Concert was a great success, many new and novel turns being put on. In fact, some of the entertainment provided would have done credit to a first class vaudeville house. All present agreed that it was one of the most pleasant and entertaining evenings they had ever spent in the Mess.

-oOo-

"Navy Week" was inaugerated in Victoria during the visit of H.M.S. "NORFOLK" and H.M.S. "DANAE" from 30th July to 4th August. Many and varied were the entertainments provided for the visiting sailors, and Victoria had the appearance of being "en fete" with the whole population all striving to outdo each other to make the "week" a success. Sports, dances, banquets, smoking concerts, were the order of the day, every day, and so successful was the whole thing that it has been decided to make "Navy Week" an annual affair.

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S P O R T.

(Continued from page 29)

doing the lion's share of the bowling. The results of the games are as follows:-

Hudson's Bay Co.	29	P.P.C.L.I.	59	Won.
Wanderers C.C.	79	"	76	Lost.
St. George's C.C.	89	"	43	Lost.
Mr. Bancroft's Team.	92	"	63	Lost.
White Rose C.C.	114	"	92	Lost.
Mr. Bancroft's Team.	78	"	79	Won.
A City Hall Team.	43	"	62	Won.
St. Alban's C.C.	103	"	40	Lost.

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THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF EURIPIDES

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No. 2

"Murder at H.Q."

Euripides was bored. Frankly and unashamedly bored. In fact, so much so that he did not even bother to brush a polite wing-tip across a gaping beak to stifle an involuntary yawn. And no wonder. The Dog Days had come once again, and is not everyone depressed at this trying time of the year?

And furthermore, the Universal Seagulls were not up to scratch these days. They simply had no spare energy. The hours of sunshine palled and the warm moonlit nights were not conducive to peaceful slumber, but to romance. And nights devoted to Venus and perchance to Bacchus are not conducive to sustained effort under the glaring eye of (Sol?) and the Blast of Aeolus.

Yes, undoubtedly something had to be done. No longer were the rousing strains of "Glen Whorple" heard rising from the busy banana-peel fatigues in the harbour. In fact, fatigue-parties could no longer be called "busy". The supply depot was getting definitely low on peels, and for nearly a month fresh fish had been unheard of. "Any old barnacle in a doldrum" seemed to the slogan of the day.

"Interest, that's what they lack", mused Euripides "and human interest, for preference. Is there nothing wherewith we can overcome this midsummer ennui?" With these thoughts revolving in his mind, he strolled out of H.Q. crevice and gazed meditatively down upon his rocky parade ground, sloping away in a heated haze to the water's edge. "I wonder how those Work Point wallahs manage to maintain interest?" he soliloquized. "Haven't heard any loud snores from over there, --- Mr. Alciabides!!"

At his shout, Lieut. A.A. Alciabides, Adjutant, the Universal Seagulls, hove into view, notebook and pencil clutched tightly in anticipation of his C.O's. word. "Sir-r-r!" said he scratching his heel-nails smartly together while an immaculate wing-tip flickered for a moment against the spot where a cap-button might have been.

"Umph, ye-es. Ah, Mr. Alciabides! There have been no somnolent sounds from the direction of Work Point. Will you proceed there and report as to how their troops are kept awake during such trying weather?"

"Very good, Sir!" came the reply in a smart and soldier-like manner, as Alciabides turned upon his heel and flew off in quick time, his wings raised at each pace to the height of the shoulder in precisely the manner laid down in Seagull Training, Vol. I, (with amendments). A truly military figure was the Adjutant.

Alciabides had been gone for a long time. In fact, the minutes had dragged out into hours, and finally, after having paced impatiently up and down in front of Orderly Room Crevice for what seemed an eternity, Euripides took to air and in an execrable humour winged his way towards Barracks.

"Blankety, blankety, - blank - blank - blank" muttered the C.O. between the stoned of his crop. "What can be keeping my Adj.?"

As he neared Work Point, Rip could discern no sign of Alciabides. Nor was there another soul in sight. The place seemed entirely deserted. But just then a rotund figure in a scarlet sash rounded the corner by the stables, and, made across the gravel. Depressing his ailerons, Rip zoomed and addresses the figure.

"Where are the troops, Sgt.-Major?" he queried.
"Rodd Hill and Heal's", came the faint reply. "No dam' wonder!" murmured the little chap, "we couldn't hear them snoring from 'way out there".

"Seen Alciabides?" he continued.
"Nossir" came back from the scarlet sash. "H.Q. getting the dope" was the chief gull's instant reaction "Must have a look-see"

Cutting out his motor, Rip descended to a neat two-point landing on the railing at the south entrance of the Administration Building. Hopping to the floor, he strode into the building and up to a door marked "Private". With a delicate motion of one wing, he scratched at the door panel and entered.

Before him was a large room, with map-hung walls, and a handsome oak desk. On the desk, towering to the ceiling, were huge bundles of paper in wire cages labelled U.R., IN, OUT, SIGNATURE, etc. "Box-room!" thought the O.C. Gulls. "Yet stay, there is a 'phone; must be an occupant."

With that the little fellow gave 'er the gun and flitted to the top of one gigantic pile. Settling gently, he teetered for a second on his toes, then staggered back in horror! For there, before his alarmed gaze, completely hidden by the stacks of files, was the silent, motionless figure of a Staff Officer, swathed in funereal garb!

"Good Lord!" gasped Euripides, "he's been made ready for the undertaker!" For the still form before him sat with bowed head, encircled in a long white cloth from the neck downward.

At that moment a step sounded without and through the door came a tall, sad-faced soldier, bearing a towel, a wash-basin, and several weird-looking instruments.

"The undertaker himself" shuddered Rip, hopping nimbly to the other side of the files. His fascinated gaze followed the man with the towels as he approached the inanimate form and deposited his burden upon a table in rear. A long sharp instrument was produced and with short, deft movements passed through an accumulation of foam over the ears and down the neck of the victim.

The long sad-faced one stepped back and whisking away the long white cloth held out his hand. "That's all, sir", he said, as the still form at the desk suddenly came to life and grasped a pen. "Two bits --- I'll sweep up the hair on the floor right away"!

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THE HIDDEN MACHINE GUN.

(Continued from Page 6)

to such an extent that it may prove difficult to get the attack going again. The mortar will undoubtedly increase to some extent the offensive power of the infantry battalion, and its main role will be to give quick and close support to forward rifle companies.

In conclusion, it would seem that the power of the machine gun in the defence cannot be exaggerated. It may be said that the main problem of modern warfare is how to launch and sustain an offensive against an enemy armed with these weapons. If they are protected by barbed wire, the problem becomes considerably more difficult.

The hidden machine gun still reigns as Queen of the Battlefield.

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VICISSITUDES.

(Continued from Page 16)

real murderer confessed. Tony was completely innocent...he wasn't a killer at all. But it was too late then. He was dead...dead with my blood in his veins".

The little man looked sympathetic. "Well", he began, "don't let that worry you. Because there was a miscarriage of justice you were not to blame". The woe-begone man clenched his hands. "Easy enough for you to talk", he said, "and advise me not to worry. You've never had an experience like that." The unexpected answer startled him. "That's where you're wrong. I have had a similar experience."

The stranger looked incredulous. "How..I mean..er..er.."

(Continued on page 34)

August 12th - 13th 1918.

On August 8th - "the Black day of the German Army" according to Ludendorff - was launched at AMIENS the attack which marked the opening of the "Hundred Days". Complete surprise was the essential element of this great drive, and it had borne great results. Nothing went wrong, the wildest hopes were realized; the cavalry went through, the trenches seemed to be left forever behind; while the tale of prisoners, the captures of guns and supplies, and the number of relieved villages, were all prodigous.

General Ludendorff, however, quickly took the crisis in hand and was able to stop the riot more rapidly than had seemed possible to the Allied Command. Picked troops, including the famous Alpine Corps, were rushed up and hurled into the counter-attack, and between August 9th and 14th nine fresh divisions were pitted against the Canadian Corps alone.

On the morning of August 12th 1918, the Patricia's found themselves holding the old Allied front-line trenches of 1914, everywhere decayed and much overgrown, between the roads that converge upon PARVILLERS from ROUVROY to the North and LEQUESNOY on the South. In front of the Regiment lay the old No Man's Land and the German trench line running from FOU-QUESCOURT, West to to AMIENS - ROYE road; not one trench, indeed, but three, and these agains supported by many strong points in the villages behind.

These powerful defences had been penetrated at two places, and in the afternoon of the 12th another attempt was set on foot. The plan involved an attack by the 42nd battalion from FOUQUES-COURT towards the Northwest entrance of PARVILLERS and an assault by other units of the 9th brigade in front of DAMERY. Although the Patricia's had no orders to participate in this action, Col. Stewart seized the favourable opportunity of aiding the assault of the 42nd battalion. Through the co-operation of the Officer Commanding the 116th battalion, No. 3 company, Patricia's (Capt. E.M. MacBrayne) was able to advance to a favourable position from which to launch a strong raid against the enemy forces on our front.

After a prolonged reconnaissance Capt. MacBrayne launched his attack. On the left flank stiff resistance was encountered for the Germans were numerous and well provided with machine guns. On the right, however, Capt. MacBrayne, with a bombing section of eight men, attacked down the trenches with great success, and after an advance of nearly 700 yards established a position that threatened PARVILLERS from the South.

A striking local success had been gained, but in it's new posts the company soon found itself dangerously isolated. In the early hours of the 13th a violent counter-attack drove the 116th battalion (on our right) out once more to trenches 400 yards back and half an hour later the enemy struck at Capt. MacBrayne's detachment. Our whole right flank was now completely isolated, and at five a.m. the Germans, approximately a battalion strong, emerged from the woods in close formation, and attacked No. 3 company from the direction of both PARVILLERS and DAMERY.

The Patricia's were not only outnumbered, but menaced from three sides; and Capt. MacBrayne reluctantly gave the order to fall back. In his desperate retreating action against overwhelming force the next hour saw one of the most gallant episodes in the Regiment's history. Two platoons were cut off, and their only choice was to fight their way through or surrender.

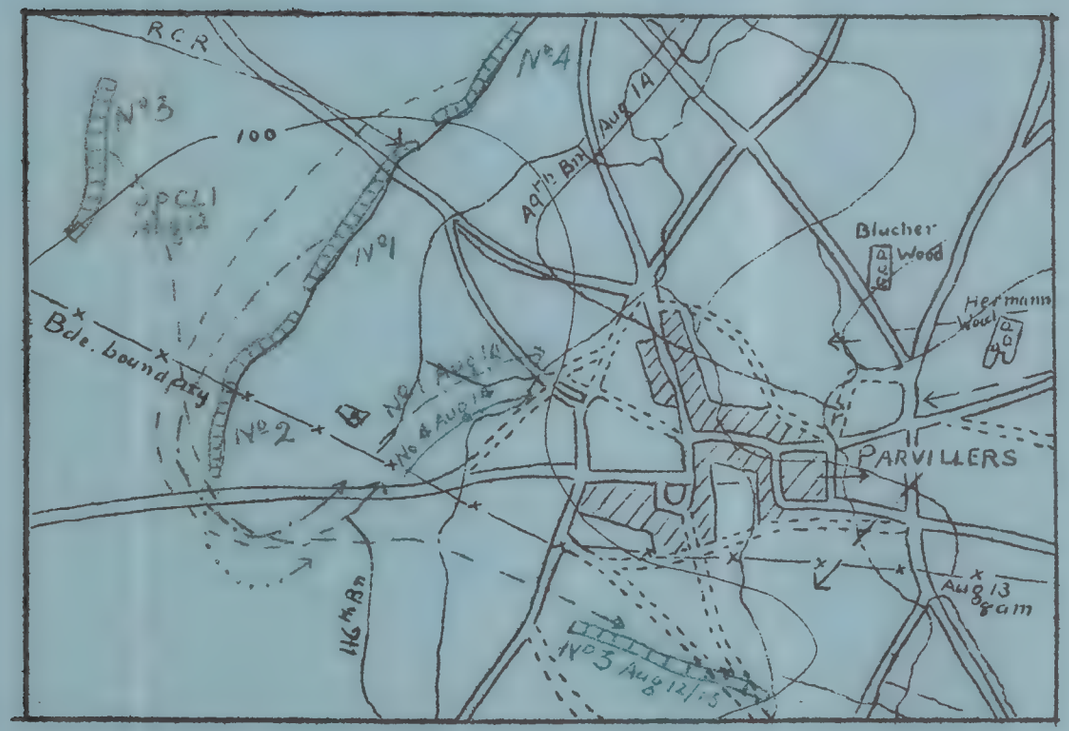
The conduct of these men was a wonderful example to their comrades. Lieut. J.C. Fuller, when his platoon was counter-attacked on both flanks and from the rear, covered the retirement and with three other ranks, fought off the enemy until all his wounded had been cleared from the trench. He saved his platoon and was the last man to withdraw from the enemy position.

Most conspicuous gallantry of all was that of Sgt. Robert Spall. "He took a Lewis gun and, standing on the parapet, fired upon the advancing enemy, inflicting most severe casualties. He then came down the trench directing the men into a sap 75 yards from the enemy. Picking up another Lewis gun, he again climbed the parapet and with his fire held up the enemy. Here he deliberately gave his life in order to extricate his platoon from a most difficult situation." Col. Stewart recommended Sgt. Spall for the highest of all honours, and his next of kin received the last Victoria Cross won by the Regiment.

The company extricated itself and, with the 116th battalion, made a stand in the old German line. The losses were amazingly small for such hard fighting as it had seemed in the last 12 hours. Lieut. D.A. Wright and three men were killed, while 12 N.C.Os. and men were wounded. An officer, 14 other prisoners, and no less than 26 machine guns captured, are to be placed against the losses. Very heavy damage had been inflicted on the enemy during the advance, and still heavier in the retreat; the killed alone must have numbered 150.

Fighting continued intermittently on this flank all day and the Canadian position was to some extent bettered by evening.

BATTLE OF AMIENS.
(ACTIONS ROUND DAMERY)
AUG 12-15, 1918.
Contour Interval. 5 Metres
Scale: 1/10,000



WISE AND OTHERWISE?

Our New Organization:

"One Sergeant in the Brigade is excused all other duties to be put in charge of Beer and other amusements. He must give the cash to the Brigade Commander."

-oOo-

Most of us talk eternally of what we think ought to be done. A few practical men devote their time to what actually can be done.

-oOo-

Never go around with a married woman unless you can go two rounds with her husband.

- Eddie Cantor.

-oOo-

Believe It Or Not:

"The Hen is a very nice animal. It is formed by other hens sitting on eggs. Ducks are brought up in the same way."

-oOo-

Every time someone has a great idea for making the world better, he wants you to join something with dues attached.

-oOo-

Getting Civilized:

"It is true that birds quarrel, and usually the female bird, as in human life, comes out the winner."

-oOo-

And a parrot is content to repeat what it hears, without trying to make a long story out of it.

-oOo-

Also, this would seem to be a period when anti-skeptics are needed.

-oOo-

Child - "God gives us our daily bread, doesn't He, Mamma?"
Mother - "Yes, dear."
Child - "And Santa Claus brings the presents?"
Mother - "Yes, dear."
Child - "And the stork brings the babies?"
Mother - "Yes, dear."
Child - "Then, what's the use of having papa hanging around?"

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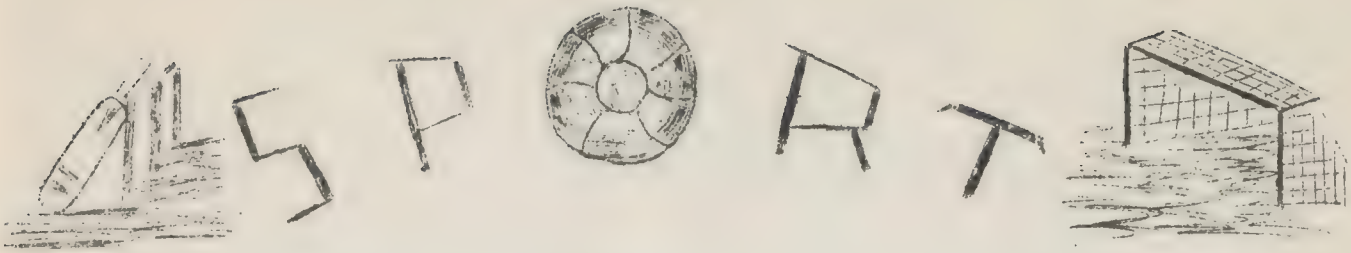

ESQUIMALT STATION

BOXING NOTES

On Thursday, May 10th was held the first Garrison Boxing Tournament to be seen at Work Point for a number of years. The eleven bouts on the programme drew a large and enthusiastic crowd from the Barracks itself, the Navy, and from Victoria.

The first event, (fleaweight) saw Walter Langlois win on points from Bobby Falconer. In the paperweight class, Jimmie Buxton took the decision from Jackie Aldridge. All these youngsters put up a good fight, and showed promise of excellent material for future years.

In the lightweight class, there were three bouts, in the first of which Pte. Worswick,RCOC., gained a close decision over Dvr.Kirschen,RCASC., after three rounds of good mixing. Gnr.Miller,RCA.,won a hard-fought battle from Spr. Wilkinson,RCE., and Gnr. Rochfort,RCA., outpointed Pte.Pocock PPCLI,, by a slim margin.

In the only welterweight offering of the evening, Pte. Chaplin,PPCLI., scored a decisive win over Pte. Crouch, PPCLI.

The first middleweight scrap of the evening resulted in a win for Spr. Lee, RCE. over Gnr. Buxton,RCA. This was conceded as the star turn by most of the spectators. In another bout in this class, Pte.Hicks, PPCLI.decisively defeated Gnr. Cottingham,RCA.

The only light-heavyweight event on the card was between Fred Pocock and Pte. Roberts,PPCLI., being won by the former in easy style.

An amusing interlude was provided by Ptes. Ball, Sugden, Montgomery and Johnston,PPCLI, in the form of a four-cornered blindfold pillow fight. They all won.

The officials of the Tournament were:-
Referee--Col.H.C.Greer,RCASC.
Judges---Payr.Lt.-Cdr. F.R.W.Nixon,RCN.
Major W.G.Colquhoun,MC.,PPCLI.
SMI. A.Bain,PPCLI.
Timekeeper--Cpl.Rowton,S. RCASC.
Announcer---CSM. S.Mitchell.PPCLI.

While nearly all the boxers showed a distinct lack of training,there was much talent in evidence, and with the much-needed impetus provided by this show, we can look forward to a good season with the"manly art" next winter.

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VICTORIA DAY TRACK AND FIELD MEETING.

The 24th of May was this year celebrated with a gala Civic Sports Day, in which were entered competitors from every sporting organization in the city, and many from outside points. The track and field events were held at the Royal Athletic Park, and witnessed a good turnout of both entrants and supporters.

The only Garrison entry in the track events was Pte. Douglass, L.B.,PPCLI., who tied with a Navy entry to win the mile in very good time. Pte. Douglass was presented with a miniature of the handsome challenge cup which he won, the cup itself being retained by him for a period of six months, when it will go to sea with the Navy man who tied for it.

The 1700-lb Garrison tug-o-war team managed to keep the Navy from capturing the newly presented Wenger Cup. It was a great pull! The Garrison took the first drop in good style, but the Navy got away on the second and won it in 15 seconds.The third pull was a grim one. After 55 seconds of terrific straining the Garrison pulled their opponents across the line to earn the honour of putting up the first shield on the Wenger Trophy. The line-up on the rope was as follows:-

Cpl.Quinn,PPCLI.
Gnr.Hall,RCA.
Pte.Piper,PPCLI.
Gnr.Pittendreigh,RCA.
Spr.Lee,RCE.
Sgt.White,RCE.
Pte.Loveless,PPCLI.
Pte.Neil,PPCLI.
Lieut.Sutherland,PPCLI.
L/Cpl.Featherstone,PPCLI. (anchor)

Coach:
Cpl.Falconer,J.S. PPCLI.

Manager:
Maj.E.B.Underwood, MC.,DCM., (Retd)

These were the only Garrison entries in the Meet. The remainder of the day was occupied with canoe races and other aquatic sports at the Gorge, and tapered off in a blaze of glory as a huge display of fireworks was set off from the Causeway.

SPORT AT HEAL'S

In between times of "shooting bulls", a good deal of sport of various types was indulged in at Heal's Camp this year. As usual, the first thing in camp to go up on our arrival there was the volley-ball net, and it has been kept busy ever since. From out the dim, dark corners of the past came a lusty competitor, however, in the shape of a pair of basketball standards of extremely uncertain age, and even more uncertain stability. Yet, their usefulness is undoubted, for after having served faithfully from dismiss until dark for two months without a break, they have tenderly been tucked away from prying eyes and molesting hands to await another season.

It is quite fascinating to watch the keener sports hurry off parade, play threeor four games of volley-ball, eat supper, and dash off a couple of dozen tosses at the basket, just to keep themselves in trim for the baseball game at 6.30, after which the opposing baseballers again set themselves up as volleyball artists, (size of teams being a minor point) and frantically fight off boredom until the darkness drives them into the canteen. Within the sheltering walls of this noble edifice one can hear at any hour the melodious voice of the croupier as he plaintively calls to his comrades "Doctor's Favourite, Top o' the house" and echo answers "House!"

Softball proved to be of great interest to all concerned, during the recent annual training. At great expense and at the cost of a terrific amount of labour, a backstop was erected in front of the Officers' Mess, and the diamond laid out. An interplatoon schedule was played, No.6 Pl. taking the final honours. Some good games were also played against a local team from Keating's cross-roads, who used to trip in after milking to offer their challenge.

GARRISON SOFTBALL LEAGUE.

This season saw three teams enterin the Garrison Softball League. A series of home and home games was played between R.C.A., P.P.C.L.I., and the Composites. The standing at the end of the series was:

	Won	Lost
Composites.....	4	0
P.P.C.L.I.....	2	2
R.C.A.....	0	4

Although a three-game playoff was to have been the wind-up of the season, only one of these could be played owing to the departure of PPCLI to Heal's Camp. The result of this game was:

Composites 14----P.P.C.L.I 12.

It is hoped that it will be possible to finish the playoffs before we start on our way to Comox. Otherwise the above decision will stand and the cup will go to the Composites who have well and truly earned it.

WINNIPEG GARRISON

INDOOR BASEBALL.

Owing to the predominance of hard ball, indoor ball has not this year enjoyed as much popularity as formerly. The Regiment won its only outside game against the local relief camp fairly easily. "Believe-it-or-not", the Sergeants' Mess has come to the fore this summer with a crack team. Three games were played against the Royal School, with the Sergeants winning two and losing the other one. It was fortunate for the Mess that the School only lasted for two weeks, for in that time they were just hitting their stride. (We take it that it was the last game you lost to them. Ed.)

A most enjoyable and exciting game was played between the Garrison Officers' and the P.P.C.L.I. Sergeants' Messes. Going in to bat in the last innings, eight runs down, and two men out, the Sergeants came through in the pinch to make a nine-run rally. The Sergeants lined up with "Battling" DeRochie, "Boomerang" Usher, "Cyclone" DeRochie, "Booky" McCulloch, "Keyhole" (Walter W.) Clifford, "Ginger" Wallace, "Hoot-Mon" Morrison, "Lock-stitch" Reading, "N.S.F." Crouch, and "Nosedive" Hamilton.

BASEBALL.

We have, this season, entered a hardball team in the West End League, our opponents being St.Charles and Silver Heights At the time of writing we are just starting the playoff games.--- (World Series, to you) Spotzie Langelier and Turkey-egg Maclean are the outstanding pitchers, the latter being our latest discovery. Cpl. Pengelly is behind the plate and Stoddart, G. makes faces at Sgt. Usher from the far side of the outfield.

There seems to be some considerable chance of improving our brand of play for next year. Amongst other things we hope that Santa will bring us a pukka diamond.

Sincerely yours,

Baby Ruth

CRICKET.

Cricket has seen a welcome revival this year, due largely to the enthusiasm of Major Carvosso who is chairman of the Garrison committee. As a result of the training season, our activities have been restricted to matches with teams from the city "A" league. To date, we have won 3 games and lost 5, with Q.M.S. Wallace, L/Cpl.McIlvenny, L/Cpl.Webb, and Pte.Fuller doing yeoman service at bat and Lieut Cotton, Sgt.Clifford and L/Cpl.McIlvenny

(Continued on page 19)

CAMP SCHOOL OF INFANTRY & MACHINE GUNS.

A small but very, very select school assembled at Heal's, B.C., during July, the candidates chiefly consisting of "Refreshers". We think this word is ill chosen and suggest "Resuscitators" instead, "ask the man who's seen one".

The three outstanding events of the school were,(1) the wrecking of Captain Markham's "specs", (2) the Smoker, and (3) one fondly referred to as "Father", he of the mal pied!

The Smoker, as usual, went off with a bang. The programme, (with amendments) was really a work of art and should make a valuable souvenir for those fortunate enough to obtain a copy and keep it dry.

Among those present was the old perennial Patricia, Hughie Creed, who, by the way, is still looking for someone to "Wrap him up in his old Stable Jacket".

Captain Williams' scheme on aids to intercommunication is noted and will be forwarded to the War Office for consideration, (we will let you, dear reader, into the secret - "Cross carrier pigeons with parrots and do away with message writing".).

The usual bottle-fishing party was enjoyed after the Smoker. In case the term "bottle-fishing" is new to some of you, this is how it is carried out:-

One boat, preferably large, complete with fishermen (also large) and lots of bottled beer (also preferably large) shoves off in the early hours of the morning, and as time goes on the boat is empty (of bottles), the fishermen are full (of beer) and the sea is also full (of empty bottles).

Voila!, and no fish!

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ARMY COMES TO AID OF DAMP CHORISTERS.

(From The Calgary Albertan)

It took units from three different regiments, but thirty chorus girls were finally saved from the drenching downpour which spread over Calgary Sunday noon.

The girls, members of a local organization training for a Fall production, went out on a hike early in the morning.

They had reached the vicinity of Sarcee Camp when the rain caught them.

Dashing for shelter they reached a marquee used by Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry for lecture purposes. Fortunately they had their bathing suits with them, and got out of their damp clothes.

Lord Strathcona's Horse, nearby, came to the rescue and furnished steaming cups of coffee. The girls went into a routine in the marquee to warm up.

They were still in bathing suits when the Princess Pats returned. They responded to the situation with a will and lockers were emptied of shirts, trowsers and tunics and the girls were soon clothed in warm garments.

Then others provided them with lunch. Afterwards the Army Service Corps performed the final act of gallantry to stranded womanhood and drove them back to the city in a truck.

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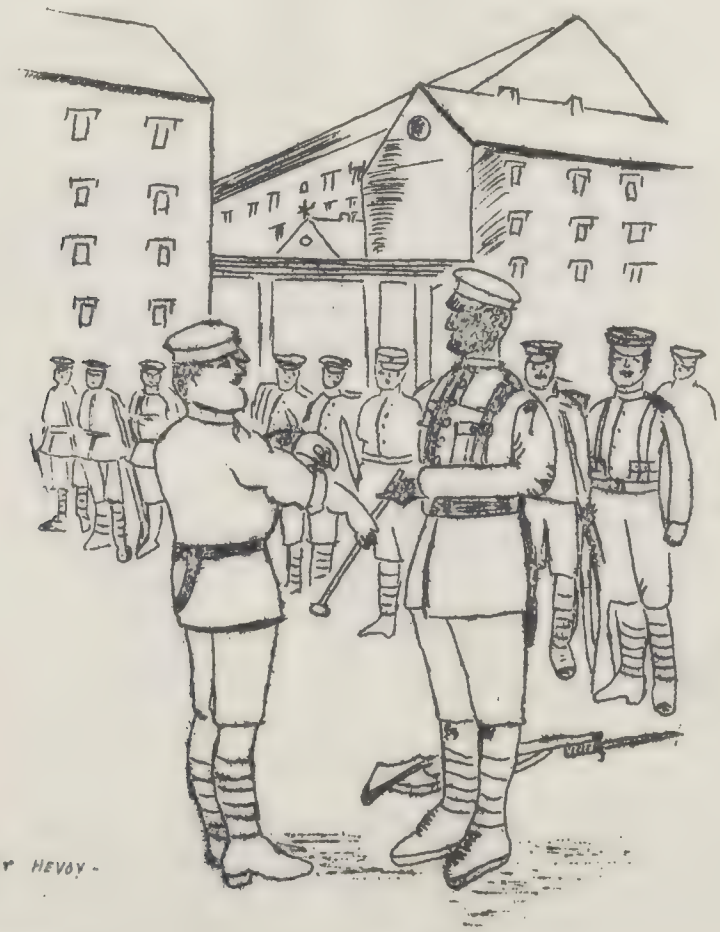
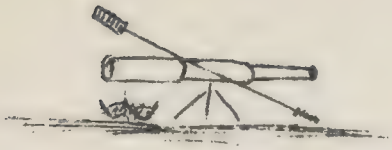


Sergeant-Major; Hold out your hand! ---------

Now report to the Orderly-room and write out "I'm a naughty soldier" twenty times - and don't forget to shave tomorrow.



SHOOTING NOTES

"Gordon Trophy", 1934.

It would appear to be impossible for two teams of eight men, firing ten shots each at three ranges, under difficult conditions, to make a tie score. Yet, twice in succession has the "Gordon Trophy" match resulted in a tie.

In May, 1933, teams from the Canadian Scottish Regiment and the Work Point Garrison tied in this event, the cup going to the Canadian Scottish Regiment, as they had the better score at the longer range.

On 26th May, 1934, at Heals Range, the Trophy was competed for again, and the same two teams turned in scores of 1075 points each, a remarkable performance. This year, however, the Garrison team brought home the cup, having the better score at 600 yards range. This is the 8th time that this cup has come to Work Point during the 14 years is has been in competition.

The personnel of this year's Garrison team were:-

Mstr. Gnr.	H. Collings.	R.C.A.
Sgt-Major	E.J. Read.	C.M.S.C.
Sgt-Major	W.H. Ruffell.	R.C.E.
Q.M.S.I.	W.H. Wood.	P.P.C.L.I.
Q.M.S.	A.E. Evans	R.C.O.C.
Q.M.S.	J. Kennedy.	R.C.O.C.
Q.M.S.	W.B. McKay	R.C.O.C.
Sgt.	J. Hutchinson	R.C.E.

::::O::::

Our Rifle and L.A. Classification went off quite well this year. Although the Company average is not quite so high as last year's effort, some of our members have notably improved their shooting. We congratulate Cpl. C.F.Lawrence on being Company Shot for 1934.

The Regimental Rifle Association has had weekly shoots since coming to Camp. The first week's scores were excellent and Cpl.

Cahill and Pte. Ball tied at the end of the week. The tie was "shot off" on the following Monday. It was a fine morning and there was a good audience out to watch the fun. They fired five shots each at 300 yards without breaking the tie. Then it was shot for shot, the winner eventually being Pte. Ball. Since then we have had nothing quite so exciting, but the scores have been consistently good, and reflect the keenness shown in this sport.

::::O::::

The machine gunners worked hard during June to get through their classification and make a bid for the Walker Cup. The competition was fired on June 28th and while, of course, we shall not know the results for some time, we are pretty confident that the cup ought to come back this year to Esquimalt, as we topped last year's score by a very comfortable margin.

::::O::::

Canada's marksmen have, for the second time, brought home both the Kolapore Cup and the McKinnon Trophy. We understand that this is only the fourth time these two trophies have been won by the same country in one year.

::::O::::

The British Columbia Rifle Association held it's annual Prize Meeting at Heal's range from July 10th to 14th and some 85 competitors took part in the various matches.

"B" Company, P.P.C.L.I. had five entries, viz; Major W.G.Colquhoun,MC, Lieut. J.R.G.Sutherland, L/Cpl. Nicholson and Ptes. Glendinning and Chaplin, the last named being a recruit of less than four months' service, and who made an excellent showing considering the high standard of scoring at the meeting.

The R.A. Team was successful in winning the B.C.Electric Railway Cup and the Infantry Association Cup. The tyro team of four (three of whom were P.P.C.L.I.) were only four points down on the winners in the "Gollety Cup" match.

Pte. Glendinning won the "Rayment Trophy" (service conditions, fire with movement) after a tie shoot with two other P.P.C.L.I., Chaplin and Nicholson.

Q.M.S. McKay, R.C.O.C., won the Briar No.1 match with a score of 102, while Sgt-Major Ruffell, R.C.E., won the Lieutenant -Governor's Cup after a shoot off with Bandsman Drysdale of the Canadian Scottish Regiment.

L/Cpl. Nicholson, P.P.C.L.I., shot very consistently throughout the meeting; he came second in the Briar No.1 match with a score of 101 (7 rounds at 200,500, & 600 yards), had a 67 out of a possible 70 in the "Westminster" which included a "possible" at 500 yards, and in the "Victoria" match (10 rounds at 800 yds) he cored 49. He was also the only"Patricia" to reach the final in the Lieutenant-Governor's match. L/Cpl. Nicholson has also been selected as a member of the B.C.R.A. team proceeding to Ottawa and will shoot there in the Dominion of Canada Rifle

Association's annual meet in August. We wish him luck and hope he makes the Bisley team.

Q.M.S.I. Wood was unable to shoot in the meeting owing to eye trouble, having been in hospital two weeks with this complaint. However, once a "Shot", always a "Shot", Q.M.S.I. Wood just couldn't keep off the range, and ably officiated as Captain of the Garrison team.

::::O::::

The Manitoba Provincial Association shoot, held at St. Charles from 17th to 21st July, proved to be a great week for the Regiment, which collected a little silverware and a good share of the cash.

Our entries of 19 other ranks consisted of two expert, 12 tyros, and 5 green shots. Sgt. Vincent, for the second year, acted as Coach and Captain, Capt. A.W. Hunt being at Ottawa ("A" Wing) learning a few of the finer points of the game.

It is worthy of note that, for the first time in the history of the Manitoba Association, the Tyro Green Shot Matches have been won two years in succession by the same Regiment. This feat was accomplished by the Regiment this year.

Pte. Walker,R., put on a possible to win the Tyro Match and Shield, and Pte. Baker,F. won the Green Shot Match "Gent Cup", with one point short of a possible.

Pte. McKay,W., our youngest member, and a 1933 recruit, has been selected to represent Manitoba at Ottawa on the 13th August. Capt. Hunt will also take part in the D.C.R.A. Meet, so we are looking forward to a few Trophies from Ontario.

::::O::::

VICISSITUDES.

(Continued from page 22)

The pleasant little man with the blue eyes rose to leave. Slowly he put on his hat and coat. Never once did he lose that irresistible smile. The sad faced one watched him almost fascinatedly.

Presently he came over to the stranger, laid a friendly arm across his shoulder.

"I don't suppose we shall see each other again" he said, "so there is no harm in my telling you who I am. It may help you a little."

He bent down and whispered in his ear, "I'M THE MAN WHO HANGED HIM."

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V A N C O U V E R L E T T E R
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"Hello, Bill!" "Good bye, Bill!" That's how quickly Saturday noon rubbed shoulders with Monday noon this week at Maple Bay Camp.

"The best and most enjoyable camp yet." That epitomizes the opinion of those who took part in this all-too-brief visit to Maple Bay this year.

Browsing for a while on Points After Camping, it occurs that possibly one or two points may be worth mentioning.

Firstly, it was apparent that members of Units, having been cramped up all Winter and Spring, felt strange at being called upon to do in their new surroundings what they had so often done around the sand table. To break up this feeling of strangeness, it is suggested that just prior to going to Camp, one Sunday in Vancouver be devoted to a Brigade or a Battalion scheme out in the open. To save transportation expenses the Little Mountain area could be used.

Secondly, that Units hold their Annual Inspection earlier in the season, in order that more time could then be devoted to Field Training.

Using as the N.P.A.M. do, the same complete text books as the British Regular Army and the Permanent Force, the need for a small military compendium was apparent; a few mimeographed sheets, let us say, containing the gist of the most important parts of the subjects dealt with; i.e., extracts from pages 80 and 81, Infantry Section Leading, 1934; a few notes on fire control orders etc. In the field, quick recourse could then be had to these notes, instead of leafing hurriedly in what sometimes proves to be a vain attempt to find what is required.

Not the least pleasing feature of the annual hegira to Vancouver Island is the fact that it brings us in touch once again with our friends of the Navy. Good fellows all, and most hospitable.

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All Units of the 23rd Infantry Brigade have been right on their toes during the Canadian Infantry Association competitions and the various small arms competitions that punctuate the training season. Here are some of the results:-

Vickers M.G., "Foster Cup" - Won by 1st Bn. Westminster Regt.
Highest number of points in Range-taking - Scored by 1st. Bn. Irish Fusiliers of Canada.

Highest number of points, Rifle, Lewis Gun and Revolver, C.I.A. Competition - Scored by 1st Bn. The Seaforth Highlanders of Canada. "Owen Cup", Musketry; "Owen Cup", Lewis Gun and C.I.A. Platoon Competition (Tactical) at Maple Bay - Won by the British Columbia Regt.

An outstanding feature of the "Owen Cup", Lewis Gun Competition at Blair Range was the excellent shooting by Rifleman Gibault, firer at the plates. All ten plates were knocked down in a quick, clean-cut manner by a 2-round burst at each plate, leaving twenty-seven round in the magazine on completion. All fired well under the allotted time, for a total on the 200-yard point of 77 points. Query: Is that a Dominion record for that range?

The annual Vickers M.G. Competition, consisting of the "Recruit" Match and the "Forster Cup" Match (not to be confused with the "Foster" Cup) was recently held at Blair Range, "B" Coy. 11th M.G. Bn. C.M.G.C., and the M.G. Coys. of all Infantry Units competing. Once again the "specialists" cleaned up, both trophies being toted home by "B" Coy. of the 11th.

* * *

A front page item, outlining forthcoming Public Works appropriations, recently appeared in the local press, creating considerable interest. It was to the effect that the sum of $240,000 had been allotted for the purpose of constructing a drill hall for The Seaforth Highlanders of Canada. Should be lots of room to "eff-ri", "eff-ri" in that one.

* * *

MAPLE BAY CAMP FLASHES..... The Massed Bands playing at Retreat, with the interested concourse looking on.... The Memorial Beacon to the Fallen at the top of the mountain back of Camp - Eternally illuminated by the Light That Never Goes Out.... The error of those Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society, and a lot of other misinformed folks, in thinking that the highest mountain in the world is Mount Everest - - when all the time that distinction belongs to the mountain that runs up from Maple Bay to Camp.. .. If you doubt this scribe, YOU tote a full pack up there some hot summer day.... The blue (?) water of Quamichan Lake shimmering through the green foliage.... The pale complexions that quickly changed to a ripe strawberry.... And that you don't have to go down to the banks of the Amazon to get your knees well scratched.. .. The very creditable open-air concert given by the Canadian Scottish Regiment, cum Atholbrosia.... The Bay again.... H.M.C.S. "SKEENA" skimming along at forty per.... The crowds on the wharf.. .. That remark overheard on dis-embarkation "That dog-gone office again tomorrow".... Life is like that!

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AS WE GAZE INTO THE CRYSTAL.

(Editor's Note: Orders have been issued that "B" Coy. P.P.C.L.I. will march from Comox, V.I., to Victoria, B.C., commencing on 6th September 1934.)

As we gaze into the Crystal (pictures of what we see are attached) the following thoughts meander through our mind:

If the Machine Gun Platoon had an extra half hour's halt near a pub., how much sooner would they arrive in camp than if they had not halted?

If one man wears ·001748 inch of leather off his boot soles at each step, how much scrap leather could be swept up on the road COMOX - VICTORIA after "B" Coy. has passed? Our parade state shows the strength to be 58 all ranks, 1 horse (4 feet), 1 Ford V - 8 (this does not count because the tires, 6 in number, are rubber).

Our statistical expert has figured out that, not counting side trips to points of special interest, each man will take 171,178 paces on the march from Comox to Victoria, or an average of 8,730,078 paces per company. Is this what is called "putting them through their paces"? Scatter diagram and frequency graph are attached.

Strange how history repeats itself! Who was it cried: "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"?

-oOo-

It is proposed by the Faculty of Educational Training, Work Point, to confer upon the Director of Music (?) of our grand massed bands, the degree of Mus. Doc.(Comoxiensis) -- always provided that he survives the march. During this epic pilgrimage he will have under his baton the following instruments:-

Drums, side, - - - - - - - - - - - - 4.
Pipes, bag, - - - - - - - - - - - - 2.
Whistles, tin, - - - - - - - - - - - 4.
" human, labial, dry, - - 42.*
Organs, mouth, - - - - - - - - - - - 6.
Vices, male, VERY DRY, - - - - - - -42.*

* These people are ambidextrous.

It is understood that the population of Vancouver Island eagerly anticipates the arrival of this latest product of Knell Hall in their midst. It is noted that large orders for half-bricks have recently been placed through the proper channels at Nanaimo and Ladysmith.

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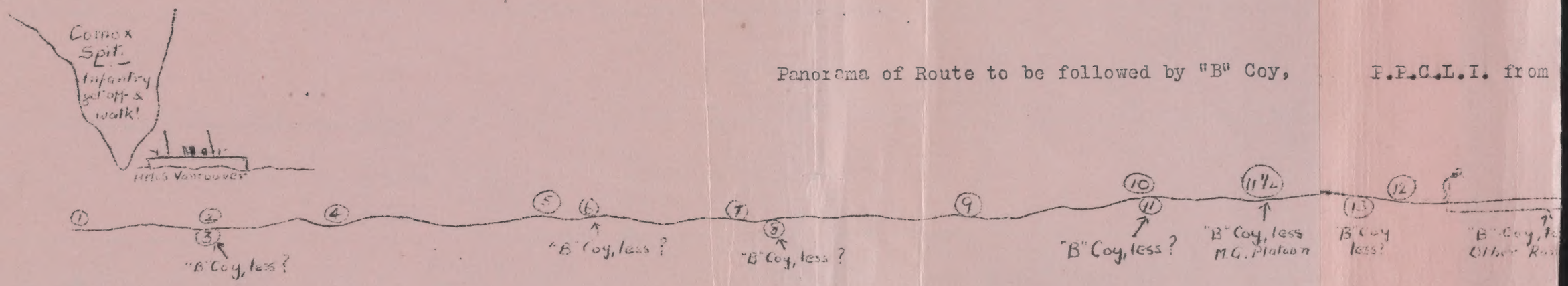
See next page.

Panorama of Route to be followed by "B" Coy, P.P.C.L.I. from



1. ROYSTON
2. UNION BAY
3. Local Pub.
4. FANNY BAY
5. BOWSER
6. Local Pub
7. QUALICUM BEACH
8. Local Pub
9. NANOOSE BAY
10. NANAIMO

11. A
11½. C
12. I
13. I
14. I
15. I

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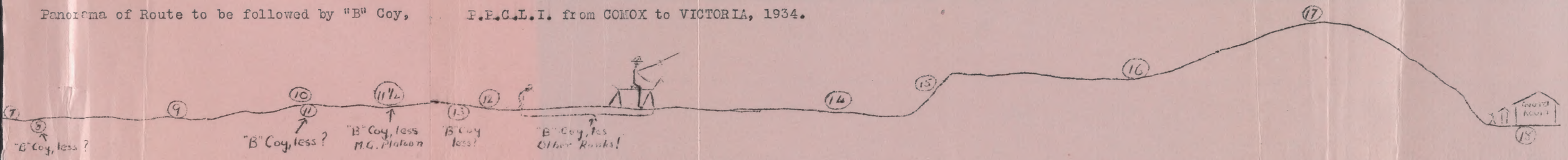
will

Panorama of Route to be followed by "B" Coy, P.P.C.L.I. from COMOX to VICTORIA, 1934.



1. ROYSTON
2. UNION BAY
3. Local Pub.
4. FANNY BAY
5. BOWSER
6. Local Pub
7. QUALICUM BEACH
8. Local Pub
9. NANOOSE BAY
10. NANAIMO
11. 28 Local Pubs.
11½. Cassidy's Pub
12. LADYSMITH
13. Local Pub
14. DUNCAN
15. BUENA VISTA HILL
16. COBBLE HILL
17. MALAHAT SUMMIT
18. HOME, SWEET HOME!

What's that? The Company? Oh! Careful search will likely discover them in 3,6,8,11,11½,13!